Today

Cotton, Iron, Corn It Will Hays Says It Caruso's Rapid Cords Microbe Explorers

—By Arthur Brisbane—

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Cotton went up again, 21 cents for close delivery, 23 cents for later delivery. Evidently the speculators think it will be more valuable later than now. That's good news, although the gain did not hold all day.

Cotton, corn and iron are to the nation what blood, flesh and bone are to the body.

Will Hays thinks better business is coming, "an era of expansion and prosperity." He is a wise Postmaster-General, and his prediction is good news. Through thousands of postmasters he is able to get accurate information.

Mr. Hays, speaking probably under the President's inspiration, and as a test of public opinion, suggests a new taxation scheme which will interest the people. Those that spend everything, he says, might as well be taxed, and those that save ought to be encouraged. Certainly that is sound.

A LITTLE difference, in the right place, makes a GREAT difference. The London doctor of Caruso's throat said his vocal cords were one-sixth of an inch longer than the average. That made a difference of a many thousand dollars to Caruso. Caruso's vocal cords vibrated 550 times a second when singing his chest C sharp. That terrifically fast vibration, hard for us to imagine, is rapid for man, but slower than a small's pace compared with other vibrations in nature. Any insect whose strident voice you hear in the woods can beat it.

It is not the 550 vibrations, however, nor the extra one-sixth inch of vocal cord that made Caruso. It was something that throat doctors can't measure, sent down from Caruso's brain to put feeling into his voice.

British explorers in the Himalayas are approaching the foot of Mt. Everest, highest mountain on earth. Before 1922 ends human beings for the first time in the world's history will stand on the top of that highest mountain, which, on the northern side, is a gigantic perpendicular black rock. It will be hard to breathe up there, almost thirty thousand feet above sea level.

Those explorers remind you of microbes crawling over the skin of a smooth apple. The microbes see mountains, valleys and gorges on the apple skin, much higher and deeper in proportion than anything in the Himalaya Mountains. For the height of Mt. Everest is less than one-thousandth part of the earth's diameter. In proportion to its size, this earth is almost if not quite as smooth as a billiard ball.

Women employed by government demand the same pay as men. They now get on an average $200 a year less. This system should end. If a woman does the same work, she deserves the same pay. If, as is often the case, she does better work, she should have better pay. The unjust system dates back to times when women were considered chattels and men thought it charity to pay them anything.

If any discrimination were allowed it should be in favor of women, to let them save for their old age. When a man is old he can always find some foolish, soft-hearted woman to take care of him. It is not so easy for women when they are old.

Two second-rate middleweight fighters were hired to amuse second rate, middle-class human beings by providing, for those human beings, the pleasant sensation of seeing others suffer pain without danger to the spectators.

After the fight authorities withhold the money that one fighter was to get on the ground that he had "evil head bumps." In other words, in a country where laws forbid assault and battery, a cancerous growth inside the law, called a boxing commission, withholds money from a fighter because he has not done his best to injure another human being. Nice picture of civilization for future ages to contemplate.

"I am going to join my dead wife," Frank Bixler said, jumping from the window and killing himself. The question is, "DID he join his wife?" And religion answers, "No, for suicide is a sin. You have no more right to kill yourself than to kill another."

The best thing to do if you want a good chance "to join your wife," is to hang on here as long as you can. Perform as many good deeds as possible and purify your soul in the fire of patience.

BRAVES TIED WITH PHILLIES, 0 TO 0

THE WEATHER

FOR BOSTON AND VICINITY—Fair tonight and Friday; slightly cooler tonight; moderate north to east winds.

Sun rises at 6:16; sets at 6:06.
Moon rises at 11:34 p. m.
High tide at 4:46 a. m.; 5:15 p. m.
Temperatures, Maximum, 73 at 11 a. m.; minimum, 62 at 5 a. m.; average 67; 11 a. m., 66.
Light all vehicles at 7:58 p. m.

BOSTON AMERICAN

FINAL EDITION EXTRA

LARGEST EVENING CIRCULATION IN NEW ENGLAND

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ELEVATOR FALLS 6 STORIES, 3 HURT

OPERATOR HURLED THROUGH CAR-TOP

Girl and Two Men Victims of Crash at New England Confectionery Plant

Two men and a girl were injured, one of the men seriously, when a freight elevator at the plant of the New England Confectionery Company, No. 253 Summer street, South Boston, plunged from the sixth floor to the basement today.

Breaking of the elevator cable and failure of the safety attachment to work were blamed for the accident.

Raphael Persico, the operator, was hurled through the top of the elevator by the force of the impact. His semi-consolous form was found there by rescuers.

He had two passengers aboard, Persico said, and had started down when the car shot out of his control. Persico, who is thirty-three years old, and resides at No. 160 Salem street, North End, was taken to the Relief Hospital, where his condition was regarded as serious.

He sustained internal injuries and numerous cuts and bruises.

William Devereaux, twenty-three years old, No. 237 Tremont street, Somerville, one of the passengers, was also taken to the Relief Hospital. He sustained an inch cut on the scalp, another cut one-half-inch long on the chin, a cut on the little toe of his left foot, fractured right rib, a compound fracture of the kneecap and contusions about the legs and body.

Miss Beatrice Silver, an office employe, of No. 42 Walnut street, Braintree, was the third passenger on the elevator. She suffered dislocations of bones of the legs and arms, contusions and nervous shock. At the City Hospital it was said that she was uncomfortable, although her name was not on the danger list.

Miss Silver and Devereaux were found huddled on the floor of the car, while Persico was on top of the elevator.

Other employes, leaving their work for the noon hour, heard the crash of the elevator to the cellar floor and rushed to the aid of the victims.

Had the accident taken place a few minutes later the clerks might have been much heavier, as it is the custom of the employes on the upper floors to use it in reaching the street for lunch.

$100,000 BLAZE IN PORTLAND BUILDING

Portland, Me., Sept. 8.—Fire in a three-story brick building, owned by J. B. Soule, at No. 48 Market street, caused damage estimated at $100,000 today. The heaviest loss was sustained by Joseph Berman Company, shirtwaist manufacturers, who occupied the upper two floors.

Peters Gets Call From Tourist

Gives Official Boston Greeting to High School Boy en Route Through N. E.

THE MAYOR AND HARRY ZELTNER

City's chief executive greeting sixteen-year-old New York boy on the steps of City Hall. The youth is making a 1,500-mile trip through the New England States.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY ON 1500 MILE CYCLE TOUR

Henry Zeltner, sixteen-year-old son of Alderman Louis Zeltner of No. 408 Madison street, New York, who is making a 1,500-mile bicycle tour of New England, called on Mayor Peters today.

The boy, who is a junior in the Stuyvesant High School, presented a letter of introduction from Mayor Hylan of New York.

He said he started three days ago and in two days covered 230 miles in Connecticut and Rhode Island, having made several detours.

He intends to travel through Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, and on his return will set forth his experiences in the high school paper.

BULLET-HEADED SEA SERPENT IN THE BAY

Nearly three months after his usual time the sea serpent appeared in Massachusetts Bay today.

This time, however, he bears a brand new and strictly modern name. He is to be known in future as "the seaplane fish," because of the strange appearance of the big flapper that jut out from his carcass just back of the bullet-shaped head.

The story of his arrival, antics and disappearance is told by Captain W. T. Holmes, an officer who beat the United States to prohibition by many years, and who has a widespread reputation for strict sobriety and absolute probity, as well as a certain literalness which his critics call lack of imagination.

The skipper was in the wheelhouse of his ship, the Calvin Austin of the Metropolitan line, early today, when just as the ship passed Sandwich, the quartermaster at the wheel pointed out a shiny black object some distance ahead.

Both the pilot and Captain Holmes saw it, and were surprised to see it was moving at a rapid rate through the water.

Both thought for a moment that possibly it was some new war device developed by the American navy and hitherto kept a dark secret. But that theory was shattered when one end of the object reared fifteen or twenty feet out of the water, and it was seen there was a large, bullet-shaped head with protruding, heavily lidded eyes.

As the ship neared the object it was seen that it was about thirty feet long, the smooth body an ebony black, and unmarred by a single bump or pimple except just near the stubby tail, where a number of tubercles appeared.

BRAVES—PHILLIES GAME

Phillies 0 0 0
Braves 0 0 0
Winters and Peters; Oeschger and Gowdy

SUICIDE SWEPT OVER NIAGARA FALLS

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 8.—Cecil Gates and John Spencer reported to Niagara police today that they saw a man leap from Goat Island Bridge into the rapids last night. He was carried over the American falls. The man was about 50 years old, weighed 200 pounds and was 5 feet 10 inches tall.

PRESIDENT CONFERS WITH ELIHU ROOT

Washington, Sept. 8.—Elihu Root, whose name has frequently been mentioned as a possible member of the American commission at the November armament conference, called at the White House early this morning and conferred with President Harding for some time. The former Secretary of State was there early, reaching the White House before 9:30 o'clock. It was his first appearance there since President Harding has been in office.

TODAY'S BANK STATEMENT

Boston bank clearings, $33,903,000.

New York bank clearings, $548,700,000.

N. Y. Federal Reserve Bank, credit, $37,700,000.

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LYNN WOMAN SLAIN

Searles' Blackmailers Flee

BLACKMAIL GIRLS FLEE BOSTON

"Decoys" Who Staged "Birthday Party" to Trap Searles, Sought by Police

A dragnet has been flung over the whole of Greater Boston today in an effort to find Mrs. Blanche Paul and Eleanor Barnes, the two alleged to have staged the now famous "birthday party" in which Albert Victor Searles, millionaire artist, is said to have been blackmailed out of $50,000.

Both girls have fled from Boston. Aiding the police is a New York business man who is here in a hunt for Mrs. Barnes, who, he claims, married him in Manhattan and then fled, taking with her a large sum of his money and considerable jewelry.

Constables are also hunting separately for Mrs. Paul in an effort to serve upon her papers in the divorce suit brought against her by her husband, Scott M. W. Paul of Mattapan.

It developed today that the two women are together again after a hot fight over the money of a Worcester business man, whom they are believed to have had in their clutches, while acting for the blackmail gang of Boston, attorneys.

It is asserted that the pair even came to blows over the many money. He is said to be married and the father of several children, and to have spent large sums of money on the two women.

VICTIM ESCAPED.

It was while the quarrel over him was at its crisis that Mrs. Barnes was arrested and taken to New York in connection with a larceny charge. She was later released and returned to Boston, where once more she resumed relations with Mrs. Paul. In the meantime the Worcester man is said to have slipped through their hands.

Developments indicating that the blackmailing gang stopped at nothing in carrying out their plans for mulcting wealthy business and professional men came to light today.

The son of a rich and prominent local merchant is alleged to have been showered with vitriol when he balked at the payments demanded by the gang's agents.

A well-known fish merchant who was prominent at the old T Wharf for years is another of the victims alleged to have been lured into the grip of the women employed by the gang and to have been made to "pay through the nose."

A leather merchant and a local hotel man are also being mentioned as victims, as the list grows from

Continued on Page 2, Column 5.

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PARTITION OF IRELAND FOUGHT

County Down Nationalists Object to Being Cut Off From the South

By International News Service.

Dublin, Sept. 8.—Sinn Fein leaders were in consultation all day conferring upon the peace developments and preparing for the receipt of the British Cabinet's note.

During the morning the Sinn Feiners received a deputation from County Down, headed by John O'Neill, M. P., that asked the Republicans to "rescue County Down from partition."

The delegates produced figures to show that there were more Nationalists in County Down than in Tyrone and Fermanagh Counties.

"We mean to do everything in our power to obstruct partition," said O'Neill.

County Down, County Tyrone and County Fermanagh are all in Ulster province, the seat of Unionist, or Anti-Sinn Fein, sentiment in Ireland. It has been proposed that Ireland be partitioned so that Ulster would not be under Sinn Fein domination if the Republicans reached a settlement with England.

A report was current here that an American delegation was coming to Ireland to urge acceptance of the English offer.

"Neither the Sinn Fein Cabinet nor myself is aware of any such committee," said Eamon De Valera. "We are quite certain that all our American friends, while naturally anxious, realize that this question affecting the lives and fortunes of Irish people is one the people of Ireland must settle for themselves."

Plan for Big Irish Peace Conference

London, Sept. 8.—With the British Cabinet's note to Eamon De Valera proposing a peace conference on September 20, due at Dublin today, belief is strong that the Sinn Fein will accept and will return an answer to Premier Lloyd George within a few days.

The morning newspapers were

Continued on Page 2, Column 5.

Wise Boss Says Heavy—Wise Folks Save Many

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76 Tremont Street, Boston 9, Mass.
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Value of German Marks Drops to 1920 Price

By Associated Press.

New York, Sept. 8.—German marks, the normal value of which was $3.80 cents before the war, today fell to 1.01 cents in the local market.

This is the lowest quotation for this remittance at this centre since the early part of 1920. The further collapse seems to have been precipitated by cables from Berlin which reported another slump in the value of the mark at all important German trading centres.

The Berlin Boerse, the same advices stated, probably would be closed until Inext week to enable members to catch up with the high pressure of activity caused by excessive speculation.

WILMINGTON WOMAN FINED IN ASSAULT

Mrs. Lena Kanter of Wilmington and Joseph Minzky of the same town were in the Woburn District Court today, charged with assault and battery on Miss Sadie Phillips of Boston. A controversy arose over a couch hammock given to Minzky, owner of a cottage occupied by the Phillips family, in payment for damages to the property. Minzky was found not guilty and Mrs. Lena Kantor, housekeeper for Minzky, was found guilty and fined $10.

POLICE HUNTING BABY CARRIAGE FIRE FIEND

New York, Sept. 8.—A criminal whose mania appears to be to set fire to baby carriages and then push them against wooden staircases in tenement houses was the centre of a widespread investigation by the police and fire departments today after two incendiary fires within two hours. Fourteen persons, including ten children, were rescued from flames in Brooklyn. An hour earlier a similar blaze had been caused, evidently by the same maniac.

GEM SMUGGLING PLOT BARED BY OFFICIALS

New York, Sept. 8.—Customs officials here believe that by discovery of 4,647 cut diamonds, valued at over $100,000, being smuggled into this country by a purser's clerk giving the name of Ernest Potvin, they have uncovered an international plot to smuggle valuable gems into the United States.

ASSASSIN, AGED 61, ESCAPES

Thrashed by Woman's Suitor He Shoots Shoe Factory Employe

Infuriated because of a thrashing he received at the hands of her sweetheart, Philip J. McDermott, sixty-one years old, hid in the dark stairway of a Lynn shoe factory and shot to death Miss Monica Morrill, thirty-one years old, as she walked up the stairs to work shortly after 7 o'clock today.

Miss Morrill, shot once through the abdomen, died a few moments after being taken to the Lynn Hospital. McDermott escaped.

Early in the week Miss Morrill is said to have complained to Robert Creighton, her sweetheart, that McDermott was bothering her with his attentions. Creighton, police say, promptly sought out McDermott and gave him a severe beating.

Burning with jealousy and rage McDermott laid in wait for the girl on the landing of a stairway in the building occupied by the United Comfort Shoe Company, No. 216 Union street, where Miss Morrill was employed as a packer. The shooting took place in the presence of half a dozen of her fellow employes, all of whom McDermott eluded in his mad flight following the revolver shot.

In company with a fellow workman, William E. Chandler, she had entered the building and was climbing the dark, narrow stairway to the fifth floor, where the factory is located. Several men and women preceded her.

As Miss Morrill and her escort reached a landing on the stairway between the fourth and fifth floors McDermott, who had hidden in a dark corner, sprang out, flourishing a revolver.

Throwing Chandler against the wall, he then pressed the muzzle of the gun against Miss Morrill's body and fired.

As the report rang out in the nar

Turn Over.

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The Boston American

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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE

Largest Evening Circulation in New England

BOSTON AMERICAN

SEPTEMBER 7, 1921
BOSTON

Those West Virginia Miners

Don't Overlook the Mine OWNERS. Other Things

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Gompers tells the truth about the mine owners of West Virginia. They maintain their own private killing army of detectives and semi-official sheriffs. They deny to the miners, rights that workers possess in other parts of the country.

And when these mine owners find their private army not strong enough to keep the workers in subjection, their governor yells for the help of the national army.

They should not have got that help. But they DID get it, and of very efficient kind.

The miners, watched from above by government flying machines, every move reported, know how the savages in the Soudan feel in their troubles with England. It is easy war for the men overhead.

Two Greek ships come racing into port to land their immigrants in time to prevent deportation. Nothing could be more valuable to this country than the men and women that come from Greece. Many of them can show all other races —English, Irish, Jewish, French and native born—improved ways of doing business, and all are as hard workers as there are anywhere in the world. Such men the country needs, if only as pacemakers.

Marconi believes that Mars is trying to signal the earth. He is the right man for them to reach. But what could we learn from Mars? Probably little. They are millions of years older than earth, and talking to us, they would feel like a highly trained engineer talking to a beaver, or a hottentot. They could, probably tell us about definite scientific facts—perhaps how to hurry on the breaking down and reconstructing of atoms, thus solving the ancient transmutation problem. But their moral ideas would probably be as useless to us as the sermon on the Mount to a nation at war.

Marconi, by the way, like Caruso, is the son of an Irish mother—so says one who should know. His mother married, in Ireland, one of an Italian family running an Irish stagecoach line. The Italian father took his wife to Italy before Marconi was born, in order that the child might be born Italian. That is the story.

A new Mayflower is about to sail, loaded with forty rich Englishmen running away from the income tax. They have built a 160-ton schooner and will seek some pleasant, semi-tropical island free from collectors.

One wisely suggests the Galapagos Islands. There the Englishmen will find turtles that live 500 years and grow to be as large as a St. Bernard doghouse. In 500 years on the Galapagos Island they haven't lived as much as a man could live in thirty minutes in Piccadilly, Bond Street or the British Museum. And that will send the forty rich Englishmen back to London. It is not how long or how cheaply you live, but how much and how rapidly.

Apes and Aping

The Theory of Evolution Has Much Support in Probability.

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The theory of evolution, that we sprang from apes, has much support in probability.

For the most striking characteristic of the ape is his ability to imitate and the pleasure imitation gives him. So the verb beings is imitation.

And certainly the most powerful motive among human being is imitation.

At the very beginning of life we see it. A child learns by aping others.

The process of learning a rule and forming our conduct by it is one that comes only after much schooling, and the vast majority of the race does not employ it at all.

Learning a language is making sounds like those we hear others make. And this is the very best way.

In any culture one example is worth a dozen precepts.

What are good manners but doing as do our betters.

In any circle it is the sophisticated who turn up their noses at the greenhorns, and all there is to sophistication is that we have learned to act precisely like all around us.

Civilization itself seems a perfection in apishness, a state wherein all do, say and think alike.

And what are morals but conformity?

And good society, courtliness and being a perfect gentleman or lady means that outwardly at least we have suppressed all individuality and each of us has become "the mold of fashion and the glass of form."

Speaking of fashion, do not women spend fortunes keeping in style which when you come to think of it means aping their leaders. Consider the billions of dollars spent by the female sex along Fifth avenue and the Rue de la Paix in the struggle for simian perfection.

And men also dress not according to any intelligent reasons whatever, nor by the fitness of things, but solely that they may be clothed like other men.

And if anyone will not conform, and appears at the opera in his shirt sleeves or comes to church without his breeches, we arrest him.

We hate the person who will not join in our aping. He is a crank or a bit cracked.

Even religion, at least orthodoxy, is similarity of belief.

So deep is our ape inheritance that we must needs stone the wretch who will not think as we all think, and we cannot endure one who is so stubborn and unreasonable as to like what we do not like.

Success, what is it? Every successful book, newspaper, magazine, soap, fountain pen, preacher, actor or what not, is followed by a host of imitators; besides being "the thing," or the vogue or all the go and so on, what does it mean but that you have started a troop of apes to fancy you?

And in death, the one place where one ought to be allowed to do as one pleases, we are worse off than anywhere else. For then comes the funeral, and we are wounded and shocked when we see any family that will not conform to the heathenish, stupid and dreadful custom that there holds sway.

Come from apes? Yes, indeed, and doing our best to go back.

On the Road -:- -:- -:- By T. E. Powers

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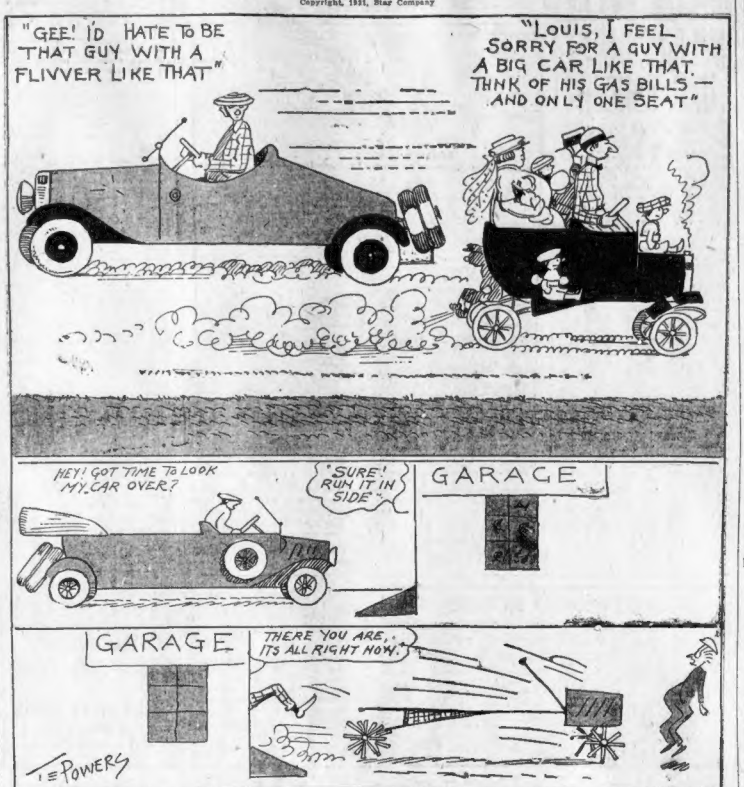
"GEE! I'D HATE TO BE THAT GUY WITH A FLIVVER LIKE THAT"
"LOUIS, I FEEL SORRY FOR A GUY WITH A BIG CAR LIKE THAT. THINK OF HIS GAS BILLS — AND ON LY ONE SEAT"
HEY! GOT TIME TO LOOK MY CAR OVER?
"SURE! RUN IT IN SIDE"
GARAGE
GARAGE
"THERE YOU ARE, ITS ALL RIGHT NOW."
T. E. POWERS

How Jamaica Has Won Out

Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., Sept. 7.—In Jamaica agriculture always will be the master word in the fortunes of the whole population.

Apart from the manufacturer of the simpler forms of sugar, by the small settlers on a small scale, and by the estates and factories on a large scale, the island has practically no factories of any importance.

It is only latterly that even copra has been prepared on the spot.

As the price of island produce goes up or down, so do the fortunes of the community. As the demand for articles like sugar, coffee, coco, dye woods in the outside markets of the world continues lethargic and prices remain low, there is little or no change in the industrial and business situation here.

But things are somewhat better than they were. That is shown by the fact that the island has continued to carry on without any big financial crash.

The sugar industry rescued from its difficulties regarding this crop by the government's arrangements with the banks for a loan to the sugar planters is fairly well assured of continued existence as a staple industry, even although more than one individual planter may disappear from the industry as the owner of an estate to which his family may have clung for more than a century.

On the market scene it is the turn of the banana to go down. Three months ago the producer here was receiving five, six and seven shillings per bunch for his fruit. He is now receiving but three shillings. It is the time of the year when bananas enter on their eclipse in the United States market, for the domestic fruit crop is in full swing in America. Thus it will be well on into October before bananas can expect to climb up to better prices.

Other industrial enquiries here are the return of not a few individuals who in the cresting years of business prosperity in the United States, emigrated there to find work.

Now, in not a few cases, they are returning to Jamaica, having been shut out by unemployment in America, and find living in Jamaica, high as it now is, at any rate cheaper than it is in New York.

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Stars and Stripes

There is no gainsaying the fact that the aerial mail service is expeditious. We got a bill two days ahead of time the other day on account of it.

• • •

No sharks have been reported along the Atlantic Coast so far this Summer. Maybe they're waiting for the girls in the one-piece bathing suits to go into the water.

• • •

The real trouble with the one-piece bathing suits is that the piece is always either too small or too large, depending on the point of view.

How He Lost Them

A Channel steamer carried a passenger who retired at nightfall, having imbibed more strong beverage than suited his constitution. His mental confusion on rising next morning was sadly intensified when he made the unpleasant discovery that all his clothing was missing.

The steward and his staff were summoned to his cabin, and were followed in due course by the genial captain himself.

The mystery seemed to defy solution until the captain asked the sufferer if he had any remembrance of how he had disposed of his clothes overnight.

A sudden gleam of intelligence lighted the passenger's eye, and the mischief was made apparent to all the onlookers when he answered: "Why, of course! I remember now. Before turning in I put them all into that little cupboard yonder."

"Great goodness, man!" roared the captain. "That little cupboard, as you call it, is the porthole!"

Smiles

What to Do?

The mother of the young husband went to the bridal nest and found her daughter-in-law in tears.

"My child," she gasped, "what is the matter? Has anything happened to George?"

"No," sobbed the young wife; "but my heart is b-b-breaking. He's taken to stopping out late at night!"

"What, already?" said his mother, in consternation. "It doesn't seem possible. How late does he stop out, dear—very late?"

"Well," said the bride, "you know he usually leaves his office at half-past five. The night before last he didn't get home till half-past six and last night," she sobbed bitterly, "last night it was a quarter to seven! What shall I do?"

Self-Explanatory

"The prisoner refuses to give his occupation," said the police sergeant to the bench.

"Why don't you say what you are?" asked the magistrate of the man in the dock.

"'Cos it's superfluous, ain't it?" was the reply.

"I don't understand you," said the magistrate.

"No?" said the prisoner, with elevated eyebrows. "Then you're as dull as the police themselves. If you'll excuse me saying so, sir. What's the charge against me?"

"Stealing two chairs and a table," answered the police sergeant.

"There you are," replied the cheerful prisoner. "I'm a furniture remover, ain't I?"

Once-Overs

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CULTIVATE COMMON SENSE

College education cannot give a man "horse sense."

There are some persons who could not have practical sense, no matter how far they went in books.

There are some persons who have studied all their lives who have never put a single bit of book information into practical use.

To be through high school and not be able to spell correctly; to go through college and make a grammatical error, show how disconnected book knowledge is in the resultant culture of that person.

How long would the earth stay in its orbit if it were not balanced at every point by some pulsing power?

Every one has relativity on the tip of his tongue today just because Einstein has been visiting in the United States, and he says he has discovered a great general law which he calls relativity.

Without going into the scientific side of his argument, we can realise in a small measure at least that three things count to bring a result.

Result is what has happened immediately before, the actual result and the nearest future; in all three things govern result, and result is always changing.

Easy Going in Old Prague

Special to Universal Service.

PRAGUE, Sept. 7.—The European idea of leisure is known to those Americans who have traveled abroad. But they know only the most common place variety of it, like, for instance, the closing of shops at mid-day and not opening them until two or three hours after the noon hour. Dinner being a social affair, much time is devoted to it, to the great horror and amusement of American tourists who are desirous of purchasing goods and find it impossible.

Here is another variety: Two-thirds of all the Prague shops have closed their doors, on which one may read the following: "I have closed this place for the period of fourteen days to enable my personnel to enjoy summer vacations. This shop will remain closed from July 17 to July 31, inclusive."

Or, "According to the resolution passed by the union of silver and goldsmiths, this shop will remain closed from July 14 to July 31."

To an American whose philosophy does not allow him any inactivity, this kind of vacation taking will seem highly incongruous and aggravating, especially when his business takes him to government bureaus like the postoffice, the front gate of which exhibits this sign:

"Closed from 12 to 2 (noon hour)."

We have seen Americans walking back and forth in front of postoffices who, not being able to decipher the meaning of the sign, murmured murderous phrases, to which they were fully entitled, from out point of view, of course.

Seven-eighths of all the shops close at five or six o'clock in the afternoon. The help doffs the apparel of toil for bathing suits, and on they go to the river to engage in swimming or canoeing. It is evident that personal comfort means more to them than the possibility of selling two more dozen of collars or neckties a day. And really, if one stops to think about it, they are right.

There are times when we would like to take those signs off their front doors and beat their comfortable heads with them.

But—"if you are in Rome—do as the Romans do," and with downcast eyes we, too, repair to the river, changing our hot moods in the soothing ripples of the beautiful Moldau.

ASSISTANCE FOR U. S. SEAMEN ASKED

By Nellie Bly

WILL you help the American seamen?

They are slowly starving to death.

They are refused work upon the American ships, ships owned by our government and supported by our government at the cost of billions of dollars to the government. Foreigners and aliens are hired in place of Americans on these vessels.

Will President Harding and his Cabinet and the Senators start an investigation of this hiring of aliens on and excluding of Americans from the American ships?

Will the President and the authorities in Washington doom the American seamen to death and starvation?

In case of war, must the American nation and the American government rely upon these alien seamen for the defence of our country and our flag?

The S. S. Potomac sailed from New York manned by alien seamen, composed in majority of Germans and Britishers. This ship came in with a large number of Germans, some of whom were signed on at one cent a month. Many of these Germans had paid two or three thousand marks to be signed on, in order to get to America, while on the beach in Germany, stranded, penniless, hungry, who must sleep in the parks, are native-born American seamen, begging on their knees for the privilege of even working their way home on American ships.

Paid 3,000 Marks for Job

One of the Germans who claimed he paid 3,000 marks to be given a job on the Potomac showed newspaper articles which claimed he was a spy during the war. He had a false Danzig passport, and on reaching New York, though he came as a one-cent-a-month worker, he deserted the ship and is now ashore. The German officer who is accused of taking the money to bring him over broke the law and is liable for punishment for conniving with this alien to get him into the United States.

Will the immigration authorities take any action in this matter?

The condition existing on the Potomac is but a repetition of that existing on other American vessels in regard to the hiring of aliens. If the Shipping Board is to be almost from ourselves, to be prescribed and "taken" on occasion, instead of the most naturally beautiful and inescapably personal experience!

However, we were talking of the Game of Life. Is it worth the candle?

When the mystic mood of questioning comes, face the problem with the philosophic seriousness of which most human beings are capable.

If you cannot meditate (meditation being without thought), at least you can think, with your feet on earth, as it were.

Face the mere fact of life, and you will find: that, of all the great wonders, the greatest wonder is life itself. That we live and that we know we are alive, passes our understanding.

It is too wonderful for us!

Far from having ceased to marvel, we feel even more deeply than did our forebears the mystery of life.

Far from having ceased to be overawed, because we have learned a few physical facts, we stand even more aghast and reverentially bowed before the vast unknown.

That reverence towards the universe is the human expression in self-reverence. And especially we utter it in mutual reverence.

Meaning of Life.

Here you have the essence of the meaning of Life for every rational member of a spiritual democracy.

Worth the living? Life never was so precious to the human race as now with us! Never has it been so full of meaning, so full of opportunity, so full of beauty and of joy.

To be sure, the strain of living has been increased. Our removal from the soil and our swarming in the cities has intensified our competition and has made us more dependent upon one another.

Therefore, in the game of modern life, we need to send them to me at Room 2169, Hotel McAlpin, New York, N. Y.

Socks, handkerchiefs, shoes, trousers, underwear, shirts, coats, hats, towels, soap, as well as bedding, is most urgently needed. The boys now use their shoes as pillows, and they are taking a turn-about in sleeping on the floor in the only bare room I could obtain. The overflow sleep in the parks and empty wagons.

Any one who wishes to contribute coffee, sugar, bread or anything else in the eating line, will receive gratitude and thanks.

The American Seamen's Association, composed of native-born Americans, have enrolled, although only a few weeks in existance, over 20,000 members.

IS LIFE, THE BIG GAME, WORTH THE CANDLE?

By Charles Fleischer

DO you think that the game is worth the candle?

In other words, do you believe that Life, the big game, is worth the living and the playing—and paying the big price, of fear and worry and suffering and uncertainty and whatever else is involved?

If you are well in body and in mind, and healthy in spirit, you are not likely to ask yourself that question, or by request, to be interested in it.

Unless for some unknown reason (which comes out of the mystery of this unintelligible world), you suddenly find your thought machinery reversed and working inward.

For no cause which you can explain, you find yourself broodingly, ambition gone, spirit drooping, your flag at half-mast as it were, and almost you hear yourself ask:

What's the good of it all?

Suicide! Oh, no! Nothing terrible is in your mind, nothing at all desperate.

When such a pensive moment comes to you—out of Eternity into the Now—it is just as well to face it and to do some philosophizing on your account.

An Opportunity.

For you are a philosopher in your own right! If you think earnestly, you are likely to find a satisfactory answer to your own question.

At any rate, you should not turn your back upon such a mood. It brings you the opportunity for self-acquaintance, and a chance for communion with the Soul of the Universe.

In the hurry-scurry, do-it-now, material civilization of this Western world, we take too little time for meditation and communion. Therefore, we are so poor, spiritually, and so parasitically dependent upon the Orient, which has so long had this helpful habit of wisely pondering life's problems.

Therefore, too, we have our reliance at second or hundredth hand, and are something apart from ourselves, to be prescribed and "taken" on occasion, instead of the most naturally beautiful and inescapably personal experience!

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But, by that same token, we are more subtly sensitive; more responsive; in every fine sense, more alive—so, that we get more out of life than ever human beings gained before.

Yes, indeed, the game is worth the candle! The greater the prize the larger the price you should be willing to pay.

It is all up to you to determine the relative value of prize and price.

The punning conundrum always remains true: Is Life worth living? That depends upon the liver.

The one who lives the life. That's you!